

By C. M. Payne

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

SOME of these days (or nights, rather) when you're sitting in a theatre, yelling "Author!" with all your might, there'll step out on the stage a good natured blond lady, who'll say she's darned mad you like the play, and if you'll meet her outside the theatre when the final curtain has come down, she'll say she will be Nellie Revell, premier woman press agent of the United States and Canada. Miss Revell—or, to be less up-stage, Nellie, has written a play of circus life, and Oliver Morosco is to produce it soon at his try-out theatre in Los Angeles. The play is called "Spangles." Stick a pin in that name, because if Broadway wants a real circus play, Broadway will get one in "Spangles."

Nellie Revell was born on the Barnum & Bailey circus lot. When she was a child P. T. Barnum carried her around in his arms. When barely old enough to walk she became a member of the famous Revell family, circus artists. Since she gave up the life of the sawdust ring she has been a newspaper writer and a press agent. She is at present in charge of the publicity department of the Metropolitan vaudeville circuit. So great is our faith in Nellie's ability as a press agent that we thoroughly believe that, if she started out to, she'd make Mark Twain back President of the United States. So watch for "Spangles."

"FOLLIES" TO GET \$18,000.

The audience that attended the initial New York performance of the Ziegfeld "Follies" at the New Amsterdam Theatre a week from Monday night will pay \$18,000 for that privilege. The auction of "Follies" seats, which netted about \$25,000 in premiums, made Flo Ziegfeld a month water and he decided to dispose of his first night "Follies" seats in the same manner. He did so late yesterday afternoon and a total of \$18,000 in premiums was the result. The highest premium was paid by a man who declined to give his name. It was \$25 a seat for two in the first row. W. R. Hearst paid a total of \$2,012 for twelve seats. J. Fred Zimmerman parted with \$308 for two. Samuel Nixon paid a premium of \$120 for the first box seat and Billy Reeves, the film editor, gave \$100 for another.

Paying exorbitant prices for seats for "first nights" sold at auction, seems to be popular in New York at present. However, the attractions involved had better be exceptional or the howls that will go up will make Broadway resemble Verdun on a busy day.

HIP SHOW'S ITINERARY.

Charles Dillingham has completed plans to send "Hip, Hip, Hooray" on its intact next season. Its itinerary will include but eight cities. The big Hippodrome spectacle will play the Metropolitan Opera House, Philadelphia, where the tour will begin Oct. 10; the Houston Grand Opera House, Houston; B. F. Keith's Hippodrome, Cleveland; the Municipal Music Hall, Cincinnati; the Coliseum, St. Louis; Convention Hall, Kansas City; the Government Auditorium, St. Paul; and the Auditorium, Chicago. Two special trains will be used.

FILMS FOR MARCELLE.

Marcelle, clown at the Hippodrome in years gone by, at present proprietor of a restaurant, is threatening to lock up the food factory and go into motion pictures.

"TAXICAB TESSIE."

"I have an idea for a song," writes J. M. Muller of Brooklyn, "but I can't write the words. The title is 'Taxicab Tessie.' Could you write me a lyric? I want to use it for popular singing."

"Sure we can write it. Your attention, please!"

Taxicab Tessie was laughing and crying. She knew what was what as to style. But she knew her taxi. "We can't grab it and ride it in it after what we've said. When she's laughing, she wants us to laugh. When she's crying, she wants us to cry. When she's singing, she wants us to sing. When she's dancing, she wants us to dance. When she's acting, she wants us to act. When she's anything, she wants us to be anything. When she's Tessie, she wants us to be Tessie."

MISS TAYLOR'S PLANS.

Instead of beginning her New York engagement at the opening of the new season, Laurette Taylor will play a preliminary tour of two months' duration, coming here Thanksgiving week. While on tour she will be seen in two new plays by her husband, J. Hartley Manners, in addition to his comedy "The Winding of Eve."

"POM-POM" WINS ONE.

Baseball teams made up of "Pom-Pom" girls and young women from the Hippodrome chorus, assisted in spots by young men, battled for nine terrible innings in a vacant lot on Dryden street, near Broadway, yesterday, and, if a report from the Henry W. Savage office is to be believed, "Pom-Pom" won by a score of 11 to 5. Modesta Kelly, one of the players, got mad when somebody yelled "scout Kelly, scout" at her between innings time was taken out for powdering noses.

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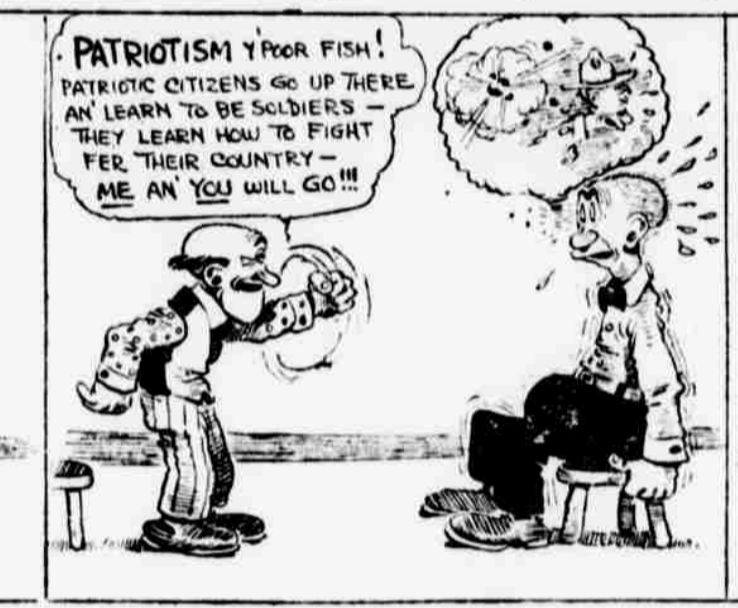
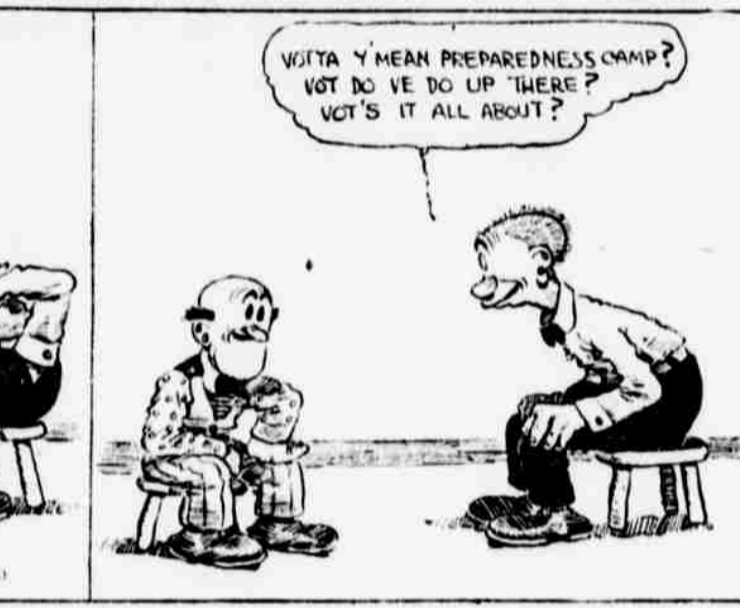
"S'MATTER, POP!"



HENRY HASEN PFEFFER—The Story of a-Dime-and-a-Diamond!



FLOOEY AND AXEL—Axel Didn't Raise Himself to Be a Soldier!



BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

Said Slim McGuggen, in Poreceps's story: "I'll never defend any woman's name. The women are brainless. They're crazy. I say. I'll tell you what happened to me just to-day. As I come along down this side of the street, I saw Mrs. Brown and her husband, old P. T. They argued a minute and then Pete let fly his left and it caught her right square in the eye. Well, now, I'm no hero, but I wouldn't let a woman knock a man down flat. I turned and I says to old Albert McGrain, 'I'll stop this afore she gets swatted again.' I stepped in between 'em when she had gone, and Brown let me have a nice punch in the nose. And then Mrs. Brown hit me twice with a rock. I ran and they chased me the length of the block. For sprinting I once won a beautiful cup. I left 'em behind and they kissed and made up. Old Albert McGrain, when he seen it, just laughed, but that never scared me—old Albert's half deaf. Now, I don't you never mix into a scrap where husband and wife are at odds, for, old chap, they'll both turn upon you and beat you plumb raw. And I wouldn't grinned and then laughed one 'hee haw'."

LIFE IN THE BRONX.

What's the matter with the old ladies in the Bronx? Jake Rosenblum is forever telling of the mixups they get in at the Bronx Opera House. His latest concerns an old lady who went to the box office and asked what the Alton Opera Company was to play at a Wednesday matinee.

"It's a double bill," replied the Treasurer, "Cavalleria Rusticana and 'Tosca'."

"Oh," came from the old lady. "So there are to be two matinees here Wednesday."

LIDS

By Hazen Conklin



COUSIN ELEANOR'S "KLUB COLUMN"

DEAR KIDDIE COUSINS: To-day I am knee deep in your designs for the make-believe Kiddie Klub House, and my head is in a whirl trying to decide which among all these lovely drawings deserve the prizes.

And Monday you will know my decision. In this club column I will print the names of the five prize winners, and also the names of the five next best artists, who will receive honorable mention.

After the five prize-winning pictures have been printed in the Kiddie Klub Korner these five next best pictures will appear there.

A great many of my dear cousin members have clipped my own pictures out of the Kiddie Klub Korner, have colored them, and sent them to me. They are very pretty done, indeed, and while there are no prizes being given for just coloring pictures, I appreciate and very much admire those that have come in the Kiddie Klub mail. Your

COUSIN ELEANOR.

FOOLISHMENT.

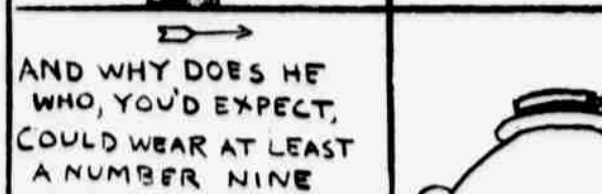
He got her picture in his waist, she thought the act sublime. You'll love me, dear, in time.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"He's always frank and outspoken." "He ought to be. He's a confederator." "What has that to do with it?" "He's a candied man."

AND WHY DOES HE WHO, YOU'D EXPECT, COULD WEAR AT LEAST A NUMBER NINE

A SIX-AND-EVEN-EIGHTHS SELECT WHICH RESTS ABOVE THE TIMBER-LINE? HUH?



"HOW THE ROBIN CAME TO BE."

Indian fathers rejoice when their sons are old enough to go forth to fast.

One will say to his son: "Take this mat that your mother has made for you, go into the forest and lie upon it, face down, for twelve days and nights."

This was the way the boys were to prove their strength to their people.

When the twelve days are over the boy returns to his tribe, where great feasting and merry-making welcome him.

Once there was a boy of the red race who did not wish to go into the forest. He did not wish to be a warrior. He was brave, but did not like shooting, and he loved the birds too well to hunt them. But he did as his father bade.

On the tenth day of fasting his father found him very weak. He pleaded to be taken home, but the father encouraged him to stay, saying: "There are only two more days."

On the eleventh day he was weaker still, but his father said: "Be brave for one more day." But on the twelfth day when the father came to fetch his son the mat was unoccupied. "My son," he called, "some evil manito (devil) has stolen my son!"

Then a robin came down and said: "It was a good manito that stole me and made me into a bird."

Then the robin told his father not

THE EVENING WORLD'S Kiddie Klub Korner CONDUCTED BY ELEANOR SCHORER

HOW TO BECOME A "KIDDIE KLUB" MEMBER

PIN COUPON NO. 15

EVENING WORLD "KIDDIE KLUB"

Name

Have six pin coupons like the one above, printed in the Kiddie Klub Korner Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. The numbers will be printed in rotation. You may start with any number. When you have six coupons numbered in rotation, like 15-16-17-18-19-20, write your name on each and send them to the Kiddie Klub, Evening World, No. 48 Park Row, New York City, with a note, in which you must state your name, address, age and the name of your parent or guardian. We cannot send you your pins until you have given us ALL the information requested above.

When your note and coupons are received you will be presented with a Klub pin and a certificate of membership.

THIS IS THE KIDDIE KLUB PIN. Every kiddie who joins the Klub will receive a silver colored pin like the one shown in this picture.

THE KIDDIE KLUB'S JUNE PICTURE CONTEST.

OPEN ONLY TO KIDDIE KLUB MEMBERS.

For the JUNE contest show in a drawing how you would like to spend your vacation. This contest will close JUNE 30. The awards will be as follows:

\$1 for the best picture by a member not over seven years old.

\$1 for the best picture by a member eight or nine years old.

\$1 for the best picture by a member ten or eleven years old.

\$1 for the best picture by a member twelve or thirteen years old.

\$1 for the best picture by a member fourteen or fifteen years old.

The pictures winning the awards, will be printed in this space during July, together with the artists' names and pictures winning "honorable mention." A new contest will be conducted in July.

Send your pictures, with your name, age and address, and the number of your membership certificate, to The Kiddie Klub Contest, Evening World, No. 48 Park Row, N. Y. City.

Beginning Monday the five award-winning pictures in the May Contest will be printed in this space. Following them we will print five pictures deserving honorable mention. Announcement of the award winners will be made in Cousin Eleanor's "Klub Column."

Get out of here! naughty Pascal Dascal shouted at the King.

SLEEPYLAND STORIES

Written Especially for THE "KIDDIE KLUB"

By Uncle Bill

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Pascal Said Skiddoo!

And They Took Him Away.

TIM was restless one day. He got tired of playing in his sandpile, and Mimpy the fox terrier was away looking for a woodchuck, and Chan was too busy with the men in the hayfield to bother with a little boy, so Tim started down the road. At the head of the lane he met Pascal Dascal the Rascal. They ran races all the way down the lane and across the pasture and over the bridge into Sleepyland Forest.

The King of the Woods was waiting for them under the big old pine tree. He had a new game—whipping tops. He gave one to Timbo and one to Pascal Dascal the Rascal and he had a big red one with gold stripes for himself.

"How do we play it, please?" Timmy asked.

To grieve for he was happy indeed. He also asked his father to tell the children not to shoot him, for he loved them all and wanted to fly about their homes and build his nest near by.

And this is what the robin has ever done. (Adapted from the Indian.)